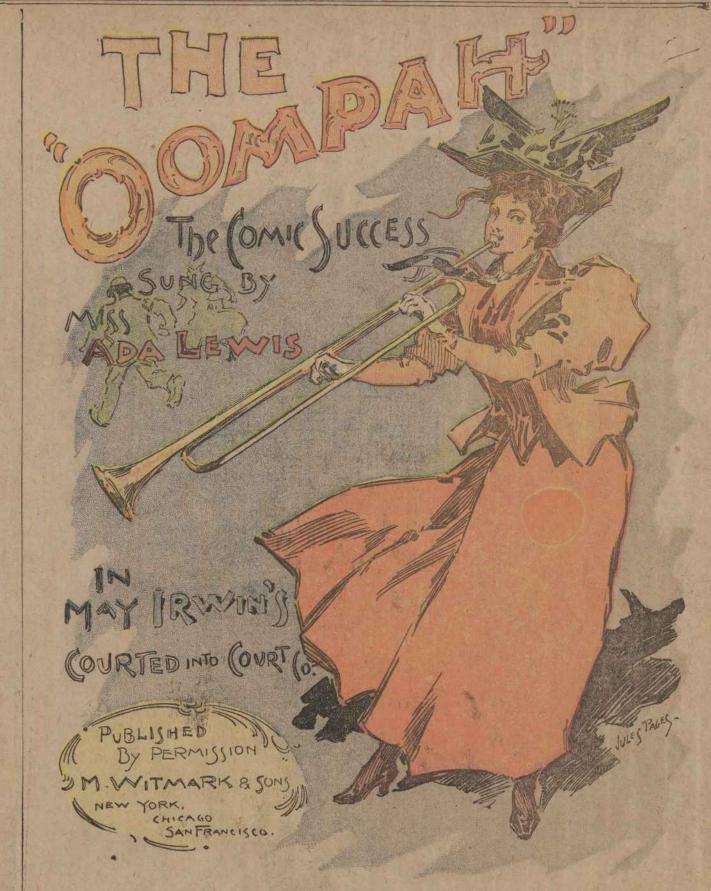
SHLANATHA DISCOVERS





CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND FOLD.

THE UPPER HALF OF THE PAGE WILL MAKE A SONG BOOK, AND THE LOWER HALF A CHILDREN'S BOOK.

## The Giant Who Loved Picnic Pie.

about giants?"

"Sure, I know all about thim," answered she, with a confident laugh. "Now, hurry, dear, an' undress an' I'll tell ye the lovely story of the giant Shlanatha an' why it niver rains it was their own fault, as you might say, they on pienie days at Kilcomin."

Harry began tearing away at his shoes, to unbutton them, and Kate began:

"The people of Kilcomin are forever goin' on picnics, an' at the time I'm tellin' ye of there was sorra a picnic party that didn't get ly, as he hopped into bed. at all'-

"Kate," said Harry one night, when he was ual,' an' at that, 'though he couldn't hear what getting ready for bed, "do you know much they'd say, he cud till be th' expression o' them they wasn't pleased, an' he'd roar wid laughter an' thin they'd say, 'Oh, glory upon us, 'tis thunderin'l' an' they'd be drinched til the skin.

"Well, of course, whin they found out that sought out to find a youngster that was good enough to make himself heard by the giant, an' sorra one could they find, for the Kilcomin boys are bad an' the girls are worse."

"Well, what did they do?" said Harry, eager-

"Well, at last they found a young fellow him what to tell the glant, an' the boy went to the woods an' he climbs up a high tree an' he calls out, 'Cardtherer Bardtherer Shlanatha,' which was the name of the giant, an' in 'What is it?' says the giant. 'If ye'll be so kind as big as the roof of St. Patrick's, wid raisins but if ye decave me I'll t'row hallstones at all

"Well, the nixt day ivry one fell to an' made cloth on the cake, an' it on a dozen carts, an as stiddy as cats. Whin they got to the woods the little fellow called as before an' Shlanatha looks down an' he sees the cake an' he draws a long breath an' thin he blows the clouds clear over to Sligo an' left the sky as blue as a granehorn. An' thin he stoops down, an' of course no wan saw him only the little boy, but the cake went up in the air all of a suddint like a big balloon, an' they watched it until they could see it no more, an' that's because it was eat, an' they fell to dancin' an' singin' fer the joy that was in thim, an' from thin until now picnic days do be clear in Kil-

"They do that; once a year. An' now it's strinkin' 8; so good night, dearie.'

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

